

Bring  
Your Job Work  
to  
This Office.

# Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Watch The Date  
AFTER YOUR NAME  
—AND—  
Renew promptly

VOL. XIV.—NO. 44.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1892.

\$2.00 A YEAR.

**Bassetts**  
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

## FRIDAY

Week after week—this particular day—  
Bargain Friday—comes—and leaves a last-  
ing impression—produces—a feeling of con-  
fidence—exerts an influence—which effects—  
in the proper direction—the welfare of our  
house.—

Again with unusual care—preparations  
have been made—for an extraordinary sale  
day.

### "LINENS"

19c for  
Turkey Red Damask.  
19c for 25c  
Huck Towels.

### "Attractive Bargains"

5c Pure Silk Mitts,  
worth 25c.  
4c Jap. Fans,  
worth 15c.  
19c Handsome Decorated  
Fans, worth 50c.  
3c a yard, Grass Cloth,  
worth 10c.

### "SHEETINGS."

How about getting Sheetings 10  
cents a yard less than its value?  
YOU CAN.  
9-4 Bleached Sheetings 18c  
10-4 Brown 18c  
10-4 Bleached Sheetings 20c  
Yard wide fine soft finish  
Bleached Cotton 10 yds. 48c

### "LACE CURTAINS"

Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 1/2  
yards long, 45 inches wide,  
200, value \$1.13  
Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 1/2  
yards long, 54 in. wide,  
handsome design and quality.  
The sun won't go down  
on these unsold.

**Bassetts**  
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

### "MENS UNDERSHIRTS."

Celebrated "Oils" Balbriggan  
Undershirts, bound front  
collar, worth 35c. FOR ONE  
DAY POSITIVELY, half day  
likely for they will go 15c  
rushing

### A RECOVERED TREASURE.

I had a sort of throbbing in my head,  
And felt a tiny bit too tired to play,  
So mother came and put me into bed,  
Although it was the middle of the day.  
Then everything grew very dark and hot,  
And in my ears I heard a humming sound;  
I did not know if it was night or not,  
Because the room was resting round and  
round.  
But I kept dreaming, dreaming all the time  
About my garden, and the robin's nest,  
About my trees, I should have liked to climb,  
And my new engine that I love the best.  
And in my dreams a man would hold my hand,  
And ask me kindly: "Had I any pain?"  
And to strange things I could have understood,  
And then his face would fade away again.  
The sun was shining brightly when I woke;  
I said to mother, who was by my side:  
"I want my engine, mother." When I spoke  
I cannot think why mother should have cried.  
It was so nice to leave that dreamy room,  
And run into the garden on my feet,  
I found my tree variations all in bloom,  
And oh, my magnificence did seem so sweet.  
Now father brings me crowds and crowds of  
toys,  
And runs when I like upon his knee,  
And never says: "Not good for little boys."  
So mother tells him he is spoiling me!  
—Francis Wynne, in Youth's Companion.

### A DOUBTING LOVE.

Cecil Graham and His Half-Hearted  
Woofing.

"Aunt, what is your true opinion of  
Bessie Fallington?"  
Old Mrs. Graham smiled over her gold  
spectacles at her nephew Cecil, and with  
just a touch of humor, asked:  
"Why?"  
"Well, you know I've been paying her  
some attention—"  
"And before committing yourself  
you wish to get the opinions of your  
friends."—  
"You state it bluntly, aunt, but I suppose  
that is about the truth."  
"Then, Cecil, I cannot give you my  
opinion."  
Cecil withdrew. As may be inferred  
he was an indecisive fellow, and of  
course was not now satisfied. Praise of  
Bessie from Aunt Mildred would have  
decided him. But he was left exactly  
as before, except that he could draw  
two opposing inferences. First, that if  
his aunt had not favored his suit she  
would have advised against it; second,  
that refusal to give an opinion meant  
that she opposed it.  
Such men as he adopt tests, but he  
had not ingenuity to invent one. The  
secret of such doubt is usually high  
self-esteem, which conjures an ideal  
worthy of affection. Oddly enough the  
luminous point in Cecil's ideal was fidelity.  
Bessie's social position was level  
with his, but would she be true? Wasn't  
she a coquette?

Tom Plotton was a down-city commis-  
sion merchant; one of those men who  
forge ahead on the voyage of life, and  
by the twin propellers energy and de-  
termination reach a port of commercial  
success. Cecil and he had been college  
mates, but their late acquaintance had  
been only casual; confined to chance  
meetings at social gatherings. An out-  
spoken man, but withal a thorough  
gallant, acquainted with all marriage-  
able ladies worth knowing, he was just  
the man to render the opinion Cecil  
craved.

He was found in his glass-enclosed  
office, millinery white from flour he  
had been examining before buying.  
"Tom," began Cecil, after greetings.  
"I came to get your candid opinion of  
Bessie Fallington."

Plotton looked "fool" at him, but re-  
sponded:

"Well, it depends on what the opinion  
is based. As a commission merchant,  
say, she'd be a prime failure; as a sea-  
captain, ditto; and as—"

"As a wife, for instance."

"That depends on the man who gets  
her."

"Well, for me, say?"

"Oh," exclaimed Plotton, running  
his finger through some coffee grains  
in a tin box, "you're in love with her,  
are you?"

"Frankly, yes."

"And before you put yourself in dan-  
ger of making a matrimonial blunder,  
you're around getting opinions."

"Well—bluntly, yes. The same as  
you look into Bradstreet's before selling  
to a stranger."

"The stranger's credit is doubtful  
when I do."

"Well?"

"You doubt Bessie Fallington?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"Then what do you want an opinion  
of her for? If you don't love her,  
you're sure of her. That's as plain as  
A, B, C. If you love her and are sure  
of her worth, an opinion isn't worth a  
coffee grain, or shouldn't be. If you  
love her, you'll pitch in and move  
heaven and earth to get her."

"But I ask your opinion, nevertheless."

"Whether it cuts or not?"

"Yes."

"Give her up."

"Why?"

"First, if you doubt her, she won't  
suit you."

"I don't doubt that."

"Second, she's an accomplished coquette;  
wants wealth in a husband; is willful;  
demands continual petting; admires  
men of distinction, men who can cut  
a dash, and especially men of decision,  
but will quarrel with him if her way is  
crossed; doesn't know a sancepan from  
a griddle, etc., etc., full of faults—but  
pretty as a spring morning."

Graham rose pettishly.

"You don't believe my opinion, I see.  
Very good; it's one sign you love the  
girl. Of course you're invited to her  
progressive euchre party next week.  
Go and criticize her—if you can in sight  
of her beauty. Then we'll meet and  
compare notes."

"Agreed. Good morning."

The next Tuesday evening found  
Cecil in Bessie's fashionable home. He  
had exactly poised his mind, but the  
first sight of her unbalanced it in her  
favor. She was rarely beautiful, and  
her welcome rang with genuine hospi-  
tality. It seemed impossible to criticise  
her; a good, true heart must be the  
center of such physical loveliness, but  
Doubt whispered: "Wait and watch."

Of guests there were seven ladies and  
eight gentlemen. Bessie had, therefore,  
to choose her first partner, and Cecil  
watched eagerly to see which this  
would be. It was Alfred Arnoldson,  
Hughes, who had lately won literary  
fame. Bessie smiled brilliantly upon  
him as they took seats at the ace table.

"She's flirting with that fellow,"  
muttered Cecil, as the bell rang for  
play.

When it rang again for changing ta-  
bles, he was obliged to remain at the  
jack table, because, in watching, he  
had blundered stupidly. Bessie and  
the author won the game, and, though  
they were not partners in the next, she

merriment between them continued,  
and he saw her dart a perfect coquette's  
smile at him as at the next he went  
down to the kings.

Tom Plotton was her next partner,  
but her sparkle was gone. She scarce-  
ly spoke to him.

"Humph," muttered Cecil, "quite a  
descent from literature to flour. Plot-  
ton and I will surely agree, for he is  
undoubtedly getting the cold shoul-  
der."

Yet, despite himself, doubts would  
break into his adverse decision. "Per-  
haps she is true, after all; her spirit  
may be her way of entertainment. I  
may be making a fearful mistake."

Finally good luck advanced him and  
he became her partner for a game. She  
was all life again; exactly as she had  
been to the author. He believed he de-  
tected her wish to draw him on to lov-  
ing her, and, though flattered, the old  
doubt grew stronger. The duties of  
hostess did not necessitate such action;  
she had tried to draw the author, and  
was trying him now. The only result  
would be that she would reject them  
both in ridicule.

Music and promenading through the  
spacious house followed cards. Cecil  
hastened to engage Bessie as compan-  
ion, the author forestalled him. He  
walked angrily into the conservatory  
and stopped before a palm, ostensibly  
examining it, but in reality analyzing  
his state of mind. "What do I want?"  
he asked himself. "Not good for little boys,"  
he mused. "She's really lovely, but could he  
ask her to be his when all he had seen  
confirmed her coquetry?"

Bessie and Hughes came near and  
stopped before a large plant, but with  
their backs toward Cecil, who was well  
screened from them.

"Miss Fallington," said the author, in  
the unmistakable voice of devotion, "do  
you like literature?"

"I love it," she replied. "Let me tell  
you a little secret that you must never  
reveal. I have lately had quite a num-  
ber of poems published—anonymous-  
ly, of course."

"Adorable," he cried, enthusiastically.  
"You must show them to me."

"By no means. You would criticize  
the poor little attempts."

"Not for worlds. They could not  
help being full of fire and genius. But  
would you not like to devote your life,  
yourself, to literature?"

"Oh! Mr. Hughes, my humble talents  
wouldn't last a fortnight."

"I don't mean in that way; though  
your talent would, I mean would you  
not like to live always in a literary at-  
mosphere—in fact, Miss Fallington, as  
the wife of an author?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Hughes," she ex-  
claimed, "but I do believe this rare  
plant is dying. I must tell father at  
once."

"Don't turn me aside," pleaded the  
author, trying to catch her hand. "I  
love you—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Hughes," she  
whispered. "Here comes some one."

The same one was Tom Plotton, and  
he was coming directly for them.

"Mr. Hughes," he said, "they are  
asking for you in the parlor. They're  
discussing the authorship of a late  
anonymous poem. They want you to  
help them out."

"Very well," replied Hughes, gallant-  
ly, "and I think I can make a good de-  
cision on the latest and direst infor-  
mation."

"Don't you dare," exclaimed Bessie,  
with a light laugh, the meaning of  
which came in words as soon as the  
author was out of hearing.

"Oh! I'm so glad you came, for don't  
you think, he was just declaring his  
love for me."

Both broke into a hearty laugh. Con-  
viction struck Cecil. If this wasn't an  
evidence of heartless coquetry, what  
could be? He sincerely thanked his  
good fortune that his doubt had kept  
him from declaring his own love several  
months before in a similar place.

"And I have no doubt," he heard  
Plotton say, "that if I were now to say  
that I love you, you'd thank some one  
for interrupting, and laugh as heartily  
over my silliness, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps I should."

"Through you have given me some en-  
couragement, Bessie."

"Have I? Come, I want to tell father  
this plant is dying."

They moved away, and Cecil returned  
to the parlor, thrilling with pleasure at  
his narrow escape. He rejoiced greatly  
that Bessie Fallington had never had a  
chance to laugh at him. He shortly  
withdrew elated, but in the night,  
doubt of his decision troubled him. The  
heart and head would not agree. The  
stronger became the latter, the fuller  
was the former of regret that he could  
not have Bessie Fallington.

Next morning he hastened to Plot-  
ton's establishment and found that gen-  
tleman in his glass office looking quite  
happy.

"Happy commission stroke?" asked  
Cecil.

"Yes, an unusual one. Well, I sup-  
pose you have come to compare notes  
about Bessie Fallington."

"Yes."

"Well, what's your decision?"

"That she is a heartless flirt, and I  
think I'll give up all thoughts of her."

"You think so?"

"Yes, only think, for I still can't de-  
cide, and I came again to get your  
opinion."

"Well, I'll let you have it. I don't  
think she would make you a wife. I  
believe myself she is a flirt, and that  
she has lots of faults. If I were you I'd  
look elsewhere."

"This is your earnest, sincere advice,  
is it?"

"It is. But there is another reason  
why I'd give her up if I were you."

"What is it?"

"She is engaged."

"Engaged, and flirting around the  
way she did with me, with Hughes and  
myself. It's awful. Who to?"

"Well, it's something of a secret yet.  
She engaged herself only last night."

"Last night? Not to Hughes?"

Plotton laughed heartily, and said:  
"Guess again."

"I can't. Give me the name."

"Thomas J. Plotton."

Cecil sank into a chair, and stared.  
Tom laughed boisterously, also-tenths  
of it being pure, unalloyed joy.

"But, but you said," stammered Cecil,  
"that she was a flirt, no homekeeper,  
and full of faults."

"I know I did, and say so still."

"And going to marry her?"

"Yes, by all means, and we'll be as  
happy as anyone can be on earth. I  
love Bessie Fallington, and if she had  
ten times her faults, my love demands  
that I must have her, and it will have  
her. As I told you before, love will  
move heaven and earth to get its ob-  
ject. I've won her, and let her faults be  
what they may, I love her and must  
have her."—Howard M. Hope, in  
Youth's Blade.

The Keeley Institute For Kentucky A  
Crab Orchard Springs.

One of the most important enter-  
prises of the present decade is the  
location in this State of a Keeley In-  
stitute for the cure of drunkenness and  
the morphia and opium habit. The  
Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL, in a  
leading editorial, thus refers to the  
Institute:

"The establishment of a branch of  
Dr. Leslie E. Keeley's great institu-  
tion at Dwight, Ill., at the famous  
Crab Orchard Springs, in Kentucky,  
is an event that has attracted general  
attention."

There is no place in the United  
States the equal of Crab Orchard  
Springs for such an institution, its  
high and healthy location, beautiful  
surroundings, and its pure and  
healthgiving epson, sulphur and  
chalybeate waters giving it unequalled  
advantages.

The Keeley Institute at Crab  
Orchard Springs is now in success-  
ful operation under the direction of  
skilled physicians sent by Dr. Keeley  
from Dwight.

The opium and liquor  
treatment is no longer an experiment.  
That Dr. Keeley cures these diseases is  
absolutely certain, and he is now re-  
cognized as a benefactor to the human  
race. His branch institute at Crab  
Orchard will be a credit to him, as its  
equipment and facilities for the treat-  
ment of sufferers from opium, mor-  
phia and liquor can not be surpassed.

In another issue the same paper  
has the following:

Dr. Keeley And The New Crab  
Orchard Institute.

Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, who by his  
discovery of the Gold Cure for  
drunkenness, has done the world a  
service not equaled in this generation,  
has written a card to the public, in  
which he gives a very strong and un-  
qualified indorsement to the Institute  
for Kentucky, recently established at  
the famous Crab Orchard Springs.  
As it is a matter of general public  
concern and importance that the  
people should be advised that there is  
a place in Kentucky where it is ab-  
solutely certain that the worst case of  
drunkenness can be cured in a short  
time, we publish Dr. Keeley's card in  
full:

TO THE PUBLIC.

The organization of "The Kee-  
ley Institute," located at Crab Or-  
chard, Ky., is an outgrowth of my  
twelve years business in Dwight, Ill.,  
and is established especially for the  
treatment and cure of the Opium,  
Liquor and Tobacco Habits, through  
the exclusive use of my preparation of  
the Double Chloride of Gold Remedy,  
and as such has my indorse-  
ment.

It has been established as a re-  
sult of careful investigation, by the  
press interested, as to the merit of  
Double Chloride of Gold Remedy,  
and the responsibility and earnestness  
of the gentlemen to be connected  
with the Institute.

The physicians in charge are gra-  
duates of the best Medical Colleges,  
the land and are especially skilled  
long practice, in the treatment  
of cases of the nervous system.

has been added the knowledge  
comes of a special course of study  
under my personal observation  
at Dwight, Ill.

The Business Management of the  
Institute is in charge of gentlemen  
of high character and business ability,  
who will devote their personal attention  
to this special department.

With the assurance that the entire  
management will combine in all their  
work the skill of the painstaking phy-  
sician with the ever steadfast pur-  
pose of the humanitarian in aiding the  
unfortunate habits of Liquor and Opium  
to find relief from the terrible  
afflictions, the Keeley Institute of Crab  
Orchard is commended to numerous  
friends in Kentucky and a discerning  
public.

LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D. LL. D.  
Dwight, Ill., May 5, 1892.

The indications are that Crab Or-  
chard Springs Institute will soon be-  
come more popular and important  
than even the institution at Dwight,  
because of its central and accessible  
location; its famous healing waters  
its known healthfulness and its mag-  
nificent natural scenery. Some note-  
worthy cures of well-known drunk-  
ards for years have already been ac-  
complished there.

Newsstand News.

Messrs. Terry Shelton, Ed Combs  
and Ward Claggett, who are our fore-  
most farmers, have finished planting  
their crops of tobacco.

Mr. J. W. McGaughey has erected  
a wind mill in his yard, which adds a  
great convenience to his beautiful  
premises.

The engine which pulls freight train  
No. 3, lost a steam valve, while switch-  
ing in the yard here which caused it  
to be delayed three hours.

Mr. J. W. McGaughey has very often  
to pull the long string of cars which  
pass here daily loaded with tobacco,  
cattle, wheat, etc.

Messrs. Mason & Wills have erect-  
ed a handsome cottage on their lot  
on Main street which will be occupied  
by Mr. Joe Marquess, the village  
blacksmith.

Mrs. Garland Jones, who has been  
confined to her bed for several weeks,  
is still quite ill.

Wishing the KENTUCKIAN continued  
success, I am yours truly, MICHAEL.

There's a good deal of guarantee  
business in the store keeping of to-  
day. It's too excessive. Or too re-  
luctant. Half the time it means noth-  
ing. Words only words.

This offer to refund the money, or  
to pay a reward, is made under the  
hope that you won't want your money  
back, and that you won't claim the  
reward. Of course.

So whoever is honest in making it  
and works—not on his own reputation  
alone, but through the local dealer  
whom you know, must have some-  
thing he has faith in back of the guar-  
antee. The business wouldn't stand  
a year without it.

What is lacking is confidence.  
Back of that, what is lacking is that  
clear honesty which is above the  
"average practice." Dr. Pierce's  
medicines are guaranteed to accom-  
plish what they are intended to do,  
and their makers give the money back  
if the result isn't apparent.

Doesn't it strike you that a medicine,  
which the makers have so much con-  
fidence in, is the medicine for you.

## NETX TUESDAY, MAY 31.

### WE WILL OFFER:

20 dozen Men's finest pure silk, French cambric,  
imported cheviots and madras negligee Shirts, manu-  
facturer's samples, all 15, 15 1/2 and 16, worth \$2 to \$5  
Next Tuesday's price \$1.49.

Our Great 99c Combination Sale of Men's Wo-  
men's, Misses' Shoes and Slippers of Last  
Tuesday with many Splendid additions.  
will be repeated next Tuesday.

## J. H. Anderson & Co.

Glass Corner and Bush's Old Stand.

### SHORT QUESTIONS.

### SHORT ANSWERS.

What? Foot-wear.  
When? Now.  
What price? Name it.  
Who? Thomas Rodman.  
Where? 103 Main St.  
City? Hopkinsville.

### JUST RECEIVED

### AT SAM FRANKEL'S

A nice line of Black Organdies, White  
Goods, Persian Mulls, Dress Ging-  
hams etc.,

### NOBBY STIFF HATS,

New Style Collars and Cuffs,

Nice Summer Underwear at Greatly  
Reduced Prices. Come and see me.

## SAM FRANKEL.

**CHAIRS.**  
A Shipment  
of  
Reed and  
Willow  
Chairs just  
Received.  
Come to-  
day and get  
choice.  
Bryan & Tandy.

Leavell & Wood, the druggists, de-  
sire us to publish the following tes-  
timony as they handle the remedy  
and believe it to be reliable. "I bought  
a 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's  
Pain Balm and applied it to my  
limbs, which have been afflicted with  
rheumatism at intervals for one year.  
At the time I bought the pain balm I  
was unable to walk. I can truthfully  
say that Pain Balm has completely  
cured me. R. H. Farr, Hollywood,  
Kan." Mr. A. B. Cox, the leading  
druggist at Hollywood, vouches for  
the truth of the above statement.

Prof. Charles D. Walcott, of the  
United States Geological Survey, in-  
tends to have at the World's Fair an  
exhibit which will illustrate a section  
of the earth's crust by specimens of  
the rock strata placed in their proper  
relative positions, and by collections  
of the characteristic fossils shown in  
connection with the formations in  
which they are found.

Utah.  
The land of sunshine and flowers—  
rich also in mineral and agricultural  
resources—is best reached by the Rio  
Grande Western Railway. See that  
your excursion tickets road both ways  
via that road which offers choice of  
three distinct routes and the most  
magnificent railroad scenery in the  
world. Send 25c to J. H. Bennett,  
Salt Lake City, for copy of illustrated  
book, "Utah, a Peep into the moun-  
tain Walled Treasury of the Gods."

William Saunders, Executive Ex-  
position Commissioner for Canada,  
says that a large and excellent exhibit  
from the Dominion is assured. It  
will be especially notable in the lines  
of agriculture, dairying, minerals and  
manufactures.

The Handsomest Lady in  
Hopkinsville remarked to a friend the  
other day that she knew Kemp's Bal-  
sam for the throat and lungs was a  
superior remedy, as it stopped her  
cough instantly when other remedies  
had no effect whatever. So to prove  
this and convince you of its merit any  
druggists will give you a sample bot-  
tle free. Large size 50c, and \$1.00.

The principal commercial organiza-  
tions of New Orleans have united in a  
petition to the state legislature of  
Louisiana, which assembles this  
month, to take a World's Fair appor-  
portion of \$50,000. A bill making  
such appropriation has been drafted.

A Million Friends.  
A friend in need is a friend indeed,  
and not less than one million people  
have found just such a friend in Dr.  
King's New Discovery for Consumption,  
Coughs and Colds. If you have  
never used this great Cough Medi-  
cine, one trial will convince you that  
it has wonderful curative powers in  
all diseases of throat, chest and lungs.  
Each bottle is guaranteed to do all  
that is claimed or money will be re-  
funded. Trial bottles free at R. G.  
Hardwick's drug store, bottles 50c  
and \$1.00.